Vpon his partie for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed *I* am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies.
But that *I*le giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my *Maiſters* hate,
I liue to looke vpon their *T*ragedie:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
*I*le ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. *T*is a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and *I*, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely Richard, and to *B*uckingham.
Cat. *T*he Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. *I* know they do, and *I* haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your *B*oare-ſpeare man?
*F*eare you the Boare and go ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, by the holy roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels *I*.
Haſt. My L. *I* hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now:
*T*hinke you but that *I* know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as *I* am?
Sta. *T*he Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And